

AN
EPISTLE

To the Right Honourable

James Lord Visct. Charlemont.

WITH A
TRANSLATION

OF THE
Sixth SATIRE of the Second BOOK of
H O R A C E.

————— *Liberius si*
Dixero quid, si forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris
Cum venia dabis. HOR.

By the Rev. *WILLIAM DUNKIN*, B.D.



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A N

E P I S T L E

To the Right Honourable

James Lord Visct. *Charlemont*.

AS errant Knights by cross Indentures,
 Before they sally on Adventures,
 With pious Pause invoke the Name
 Of some auspicious, radiant Dame.
 So Poets errant, when they sit
 To give a Sample of their Wit,
 Before they venture on the Stage,
 The Patronage of Peers engage :
 Although they mean to say no more,
 Than what their Lordships knew before. 10
 Let *Orford* be the Theme, or *Bath*,
 They travel in the beaten Path.
 Suppose they rhyme for Fame or Bread,
 To make the Manufacture spread,

A 2

Like

Like Brethren, who would live in Unity, 15
 They tend to centre in Community,
 And lend, and borrow from their Neighbours,
 As you may see before their Labours.

THEN let them deal in Verse, or Prose,
 Each Party to a Tittle knows 20
 The proper Part he has to play ;
 This what to write, and that to pay :
 My Lord is blest, the Bard seraphic,
 And so they carry on the Traffic.
 Thus, when I finish'd my Translation, 25
 I thought upon a Dedication,
 And read, my Lord, at least a Score
 Of modern Panegyricks o'er ;
 When still the more I mus'd, and read,
 I puzzled but the more my Head, 30
 Selecting Matter from the Number
 Of such delicious, fragrant Lumber.

The Patrons might perhaps inherit,
 Like all their Fathers, wond'rous Merit :
 But then the Pictures made me sick, 35
 The Playster was display'd so thick.

The

The Colours flam'd divinely bright,
 Enough to dazzle human Sight ;
 Yet Nature surely never made
 A mortal Body without Shade. 40

IN case a Poet had the Front
 To sing, and stake his Credit on't,
 " Your Lordship never had a Fault : "
 Could you endure the vile Assault ?
 Or grant you should not much detest it, 45
 But had a Stomach to digest it,
 What Reader is there so absurd,
 To take it barely on his Word ?

THAT Witness, who would swear too much,
 Is never found to bear the Touch ; 50
 And if the Muse's Horse begin
 To run a-head through thick and thin,
 'Tis ten to one, but with a Flirt,
 He leaves his Rider in the Dirt.

BEHOLD, upon an *April-Morn*, 55
 A verdant Field of waving Corn ;

It

It shoots apace : the rank Redundance,
 That seems to promise Bread-Abundance,
 Eludes the griping Farmer's Trouble,
 With empty Chaff, and Straw, and Stubble, 60
 And nought remains to make him blithe,
 Although the Parson lost his Tythe.
 So fares it with the Bard who hopes
 To build a Character on Tropes,
 And stretches his devoted Lays 65
 Beyond the Bounds of honest Praise.

By Nature's everlasting Laws,
 There's no Effect without a Cause.
 What wise Logicians (who explode
 Whatever is not said by Mode) 70
 Define the *Causa*, *sine quâ non*,
 Some Ground for Figures to be drawn on.

SUPPOSE your Taste on Building ran,
 And *Burlington* bestow'd the Plan :
 A Site is wanting, to refine 75
 And constitute the great Design.
 But take the Site : Shall that atone
 For Lack of Mortar, Brick, and Stone ?

WHAT-

WHATEVER Liberties the Muse
 May justly from Prescription use, 80
 The Poet labours on Aërials,
 Unless his Hero yield Materials.

YET some (and such but few remain)
 Of more exalted happy Vein,
 May raise, from Fiction unconfin'd, 85
 A new Creation of the Mind;
 Above the Realms of ancient *Jove*,
 Thro' Planetary Systems rove;
 Embody Virtues, flame-array'd,
 And wing the Seraphs to their Aid. 90

SUCH tuneful Miracles belong
 To MILTON's ever-living Song,
 Whose Muse, on Eagle Wing sublime,
 Unfetter'd with ignoble Rhime,
 And raptur'd with celestial Fire, 95
 Up soars, to drink the Sun, her Sire.

A *Lawson*, *Maurice*, or a *Pope*,
 May give their teeming Fancy Scope,
 Desportive,

Disportive, with Invention rare,
 Through Fields of empyrean Air, 100
 And thence surveying with Disdain,
 The Pygmy Poets of the Plain.

BUT is this Privilege allow'd,
 Without Distinction to the Crowd
 Of *Vandals*, *Ethiopian*-Washers, 105
 Your Praise-retailing Haberdashers,
 The Mercenaries, fit for Jobbing,
 Who make no Sacrilege of Robbing
 The monumental Patriot-Graves
 Of *Rome* and *Greece*, to garnish Knaves ? 110
 As Butchers trim their Goods for Sale,
 And lard with Fat the lankest Veal ;
 Or, when it most offends our Noses,
 Bedeck it with the sweetest Roses.

THE Carter's Horse, who rings his Bells, 115
 As Vagrant Poets do their Spells,
 If retrograde to run and leap,
 Should make no false advancing Step :
 And let the Tribe of *Phæbus* hold
 This Maxim, for a Rule enroll'd : 120

An

An un inventing Versifier
 At least should never be a Lyar ;
 For let him patch a Panegyric,
 From Bards Heroical, or Lyric,
 And spawn his motley Metre glibber 125
 Than † *Thomas Cooke*, or *Colley Cibber* ;
 Let all the grand Allies of *Grub*
 Commendatory Verses club ;
 Let Water-Gruel-giving *Curl* *
 His Genius whet with Gin and Purl, 130
 Prepare the fairest Virgin-Type,
 For venal Prostitution ripe ;
 And then, for more Poetic State,
 Let || *Overton* engrave a Plate ;
 And crown the Bard, a Show for Gazers, 135
 With Laurels, as he did the *Cæsars* ;
 What Argument has he to plead,
 If simple Truth refuse her Aid ?

B

Although

* *Mr. Edmond Curl*, Printer in Ordinary to the most ancient and worshipful Society of *Grubstreet*, who, to refine the Genius of his Authors, conformable to the laudable Practise of *Mr. Bayes*, limits them to this physical Dyet.

|| *Mr. Henry Overton*, without *Newgate* : Vide his *Cæsars*, *Seasons*, *Senses*, &c.

† Vide *Virgil* explained away by his Notes ; and *Hesiod* executed in his Translation.

Although he took his four Degrees;
 And fairly paid the College-Fees; 140
 Although his Patron were a Peer,
 And worth ten thousand Pounds a Year;
 When he beholds his Labours lie
 Beneath the Ruins of a Pye,
 Or doom'd to line a Trunk at best, 145
 While he survives without a Vest?

BUT, quoth a Poet by Profession,
 " No more of this prolix Digression;
 " You first propos'd, by way of Proem,
 " A Dedication of your Poem, 150
 " But, like a Rebel, now traduce
 " The Faculty with rank Abuse.
 " If, in Defiance to your Betters,
 " You disregarded Men of Letters,
 " Good-nature might thy Pen have hindred
 " From falling foul upon thy Kindred. 156

SINCE ev'ry Rhimer, who bewrays
 A Sheet of Paper with his Lays,
 Must be my Brother by the Bye,
 And I must hark in to the Cry, 160
 Then

Then let me, in the Name of Nod,
 Confess my Crime, and kiss the Rod :
 And yet, ye little Rogues, who wait
 To dance Attendance on the Great, 164
 And high-emblaze 'em with your Cramboes,
 As Vassals light 'em with their Flambeaus,
 Your own Example might excuse
 The Misdemeanours of my Muse.
 I deal in Satire over much,
 And are not all your Praises such ? 170

“ WE pass this Error of your Quill,
 “ But want your Dedication still :
 “ The Thing was advertis'd in Print,
 “ And, though there should be nothing in't,
 “ The Town expects it : ” Never fear, 175
 It shall be seen within this Year.
 “ This Year ? alas ! it will be stale ;
 “ Besides, you would not spoil the Sale.
 “ Vacation shall succeed anon,
 “ The Ladies, with the Duke, be gone ; 180
 “ The Parliament, of Course, is up ;
 “ And where shall needy Poet sup ?

" So nick the Season, and begin,
 " Perhaps the Pacquets may come in—
 " The Maggots of Poetic Sperm, 185
 " Like other Insects, have their Term;
 " And, if you would consult a Printer,
 " An Author's Harvest is the Winter,
 " That qualifies him to regale
 " His Muse with nightly Pots of Ale. 190
 " His weekly Talent then returns :
 " So Lime-stone, dipt in Water, burns :
 " So hottest Fevers, we are told
 " By sage Physicians, come from Cold ;
 " And Buds and Blossoms most adorn, 195
 " At *Christmas*, *Glastenbury* Thorn.

YOUR Similies exactly jump :
 " Then give your Panegyric plump.
 " No Matter whether right, or wrong,
 " It passes current with the Throng. 200

BUT will the Public be cajol'd
 With Lies, however smoothly told ?
 " Why ? Sir, the Public never look
 Beyond the Surface : bait your Hook :

" Amuse

“Amuse their Eyes, you win their Hearts,
 “And if the Puppets play their Parts, 206
 “Their Ends are answer’d: Keep your Dirt in,
 “They never peep behind the Curtain.

BUT should my Muse assume the Mask,
 And act the mercenary Task, 210
 Although the Public should applaud,
 The Criticks must expose the Fraud.
 “Then answer straight, reply, rejoin,
 “And pay them in their proper Coin.
 “Such Things are finish’d in a Trice:— 215
 I thank you for your kind Advice.
 But, if I must commend the Great,
 I was not bred at *Billinggate*.

“ALTHOUGH the Critics may refute,
 “Nay damn your Lines, without Dispute, 220
 “Yet still your Patron shall admire
 “The Flights of your heroic Fire,
 “And crown you with a full Reward:—
 Your humble Servant, Mr. Bard.

THUS

Thus comforted, again I look'd
 On this, and that, and t'other Book,
 In pure Compliance to the Modes,
 From *Cowley's* down to *Colley's* Odes.
 In vain I read, in vain I gaze.

At last, bewilder'd in a Maze;
 To bring the Matter nearer home,
 I laid my Head upon a Tome
 Of *Blackmore's* Rhimes, and sudden Sleep
 Through all my Limbs began to creep:
 When *Momus*, fond of noisy Faction,
 The God of Criticks, and Detraction,
 Thus rude attack'd me in a Dream:

“ Indeed a very pretty Scheme!

“ Had you not better mind your School,

“ Than thus burlesquing play the Fool? 240

To that my Practice is pursuant;

For there I never play the Truant.

“ Then spend your leisure-Time on Sermons,

“ Though you should steal them from the

“ *Germans*. —

My Time were well employ'd, be sure, 245

On Sermons: but I have no Cure.

“ A Grammar for your Labour calls: —

“ We have a Thousand on the Stalls.

“ But

“ But you may write, for Youth’s Instruction,

“ A Spelling-Book, or Introduction ; 250

“ Some Thing in Publick to be read , —

I thank the Publick for my Bread,

And am their faithful Servant still.

“ Then prithee lay aside thy Quill :

“ For, if I can maturely judge, 255

“ Thou wert *ordain’d* to be a Drudge.

“ Your Betters hold it for a Maxim,

“ And will confess it, if you tax ’em,

“ That Pedant, who deserves his Wages,

“ Should never climb to higher Stages. 260

Then let them, whom they will, prefer,

I never say my Betters err ;

Yet some, who dignify the Nation,

Have glory’d in that humble Station.

“ If you would thrive like other Men, 265

“ To Politics apply your Pen.

Friend *Momus*, you mistake your Man,

I never was a Partizan ;

And though, with Heart of Revolution,

I love the King, and Constitution, 270

As

As much as he, who, cursing Trimmers,
 Would measure Loyalty by Brimmers,
 And, still to give a fairer Gloss,
 Proclaim it at the Market-Cross;
 I would preserve an equal Mind,
 And live in Peace with Human Kind.

LET who will triumph at the Helm,
 And steer the Vessel of the Realm,
 Whatever Tempests of Distraction
 May blow the People into Faction, 280
 While Providence protects the Land,
 Content am I, a private Hand,
 As he, who bears the first Embassage,
 So I can have an easy Passage.

“CONSULT your Quiet then betimes, 285
 “And bid a long Adieu to Rhimes.
 “*A Lawyer of the second Rate
 “In Court shall be a Man of Weight:

“A

* ——— Consultus juris et actor
 Causarum mediocris abest virtute disert
 Messalæ ———
 Sed tamen in pretio est. ———

HOR.

- " A middling Agent, with Applause
 " And Profit, may conduct a Cause : 290
 " The dullest Pedant of the Schools
 " May teach his Boys the Grammar-Rules.
 " In Poetry no Medium lies ;
 " * You sink of Course, unless you rise.
 " Thus *Horace*, whom you vainly chuse 295
 " To versify, will tell your Muse.
 " This Bard you rank among the best :
 " My Criticks are the living Test.
 " An Author should derive his Patent
 " From them, or lie for ever latent. 300

If Rhiming be an Itch, and catching,
 Permit the Benefit of Scratching.
 Should Men of Genius only write,
 And send their Labours into Light,
 What Libraries should then be void ? 305
 How many Presses unemploy'd ?
 Suppose us Cats, and by this Rule
 Shall none, but Civets, go to Stool ?

C

WITH

* *Si paulum a summo discessit, vergit ad imum.* HOR.

WITH Verses I divert myself:

“ Then let them sleep upon your Shelf: 310
And where’s the Privilege of Ink,
Unless we publish what we think?

“ WELL, since you will discharge your Bolt,
“ And stand the Jest of ev’ry Dolt,
“ Proceed, and prosper: but this Rock 315
“ Might give your Enterprize a Shock.
“ The Wits themselves were not Translators
“ Of *Horace*, but his Imitators.

BUT some, who since maturely rose,
Undid him into sober Prose; 320
And what should hinder other Men
To do him into Rhime agen?

“ BUT this was publish’d by the Dean,
“ And what in Wonder would you mean?
I never meant to rival him, 315
So let the Poem sink, or swim:
I wrote it purely, I protest,
To satisfy a Friend’s Request:

Forgive

Forgive but this, and three or four,
And I shall then translate no more. 330

“ I HATE your young translating Bards;
“ Old *Creech* for me against the Cards :
“ But since you have attempted this,
“ I think it would not be amiss,
“ To chuse some Man of high Degree, 335
“ To patronize it — Let me see :
“ *Right Honourable*, let me tell,
“ Would sound before a Poem well.

RIGHT honourable Lord * *K—ld—* ?
“ Beware of him, beware, beware. 340
The Son, perhaps, you fancy rather :
“ Why he may play the very Father.

BUT, *Momus*, I would fain enquire,
What you object against the Sire.
“ He leaves Assemblies in the Lurch, 345
“ And brings his Family to Church,
“ Gives private Money to the Poor,
“ Nay, feeds the Beggars at his Door,

C 2

“ Nor

* Though this noble Personage died before the Poem could be published, yet the Author hath been unpoetical enough not to displace his Name for any living Character.

" Nor drives (although he says his Pray'rs)

" An honest Tenant for Arrears. 350

" I FAIN would steer you to the true Port :
Then, I suppose, you think of *N—p—t*.

" I would not waste my Breath to answer 'ye;

" Why, what have you to do with Chancery?

" He has not, in a Twelvemonth, Time 355

" To read a Distich of your Rhime ;

" And then, (to speak without Asperision)

" For Musick, that sublime Diversion,

" Few Men of Station ever had

" A Taste so wretched, and so sad. 360

" When he should sit at *Handell's* Band,

" Among the Nobles of the Land,

" He plods at home upon Decrees,

" To rob the Lawyers of their Fees ;

" And from an Oratorio flies, 365

" To listen to the Widow's Cries.

THERE'S *M--ff--r--ne*, who might come
pat in :

" He understands too much of *Latin*.

Then

Then let me ponder, if I can-trim

A Panegyric upon *Antr*——. 370

“ No Bard in Conscience should pursue him,

“ His own Good-Nature must undo him.

I HAVE another Set in Store,

Lord *M—tj*——, and Lord *T—ll—m*——

“ As bad as any of your Sets! 375

“ Why, Man alive, they pay their Debts.

“ Your Muse is mad, a Pox upon her,

“ With her old-fashion'd Men of Honour.

“ Come, let me whisper in your Ear : ——

“ What think you of that noble Peer? 380

RETURN my Poem, pray, return it,

Good *Momus*, I would rather burn it.

I must, and will adhere to Truth :

You know a certain hopeful Youth.

“ Your Time and Paper you destroy, 385

“ The Youth you mean is but a Boy :

“ His rigid Guardians, and that Pedant,

“ Will spoil him, I would lay my Head on't.

“ When

" WHEN he should shew his early Skill
 " At Ombre, Whist, Basset, Quadrille, 390
 " You find him sitting among Sages,
 " Or poring over musty Pages,
 " That sober *Virgil*, whom you pride in,
 " And not with *Ogilby*, but *Dryden*,
 " Or *Horace*, with the Notes of *Francis*, 395
 " Instead of Novels and Romances;
 " Or him, who makes me fall at Odds,
 " So basely with my Brother-Gods,
 " That *Lucian*, whom this * Note-Collector,
 " I say, his Lordship's Book-Director, 400
 " So clears, that ev'ry School-boy smokes
 " The Meaning of his wicked Jokes.

" HIS Lordship now, you grant, is able
 " To flourish at a Gaming-Table;
 " Yet, when he should attack the Box, 405
 " They teach him Morals, with a Pox!

" WHEN he should pay his Tea-Devoirs,
 " And talk of Family-Memoirs,
 " To

† The Rev. Mr. *Edward Murphy*.

“ To shew he would be of a Piece,
 “ His Fancy runs on *Rome* or *Greece*. 410

“ WHILE other Minors, manly Speakers,
 “ Enlarge upon their Rents and Acres,
 “ As if untitled to a Robe,
 “ In Thought he measures out the Globe,
 “ And may be brought, like *Sancho*, soon 415
 “ To dream of Kingdoms in the Moon.

“ WHEN he should copy some Superiors,
 “ And lord it over his Inferiors,
 “ He condescends, with Mind alert,
 “ To fly from Grandeur to Desert,
 “ Nor thinks it to his Birth a Brand,
 “ To take a Curate by the Hand.

“ HE knows no more, as I may term it,
 “ Of Drefs, or Fashions, than a Hermit;
 “ Nor will he travel for his Knowledge, 425
 “ Till he hath study'd in your College,
 “ Resolv'd to take (a pretty Time!)
 “ The Tour of *Europe* in his Prime,

“ Which

“ Which he should spend upon his Dogs,
 “ Instead of poultry Pedagogues. 430

“ FROM *Rome* to *Paris* let him roam,
 “ What Purchase shall he bring us home?
 “ Descriptions, after long Fatigues
 “ Through Countries, without Love-Intrigues,
 “ Accounts of Lakes, Volcanoes, Grottoes, 435
 “ And Monuments, with ancient Mottoes,
 “ Where *Cæsar*’s Army wav’d their Banners,
 “ Then, lo! to Countries and their Manners,
 “ Without one Step of all their Dances,
 “ Our young *Telemachus* advances. 440

“ To read the Fates belongs to us:
 “ If Master must be tutor’d thus,
 “ Abstemious in the Midst of Plenty,
 “ What must he prove at Five-and-Twenty?

“ You Parsons may in him admire 445
 “ Those idle Virtues of his Sire,
 “ Yet he shall stand upon Record,
 “ A very Monster of a Lord.

“ You

“ You prophecy —— But here I stop,

“ And let my Dedication drop.

450

AT that my Heart began to swell,
When down upon a sudden fell
The Volume, that sustain'd my Head,
And, swift as Wind, the Vision fled :
I wak'd, my Lord : Now let me see,
Convince me, who this Lord shall be.

455

" You prophecy — But here I stop,
And let my Dedication drop."

At that my Heart began to swell,
When down upon a sudden fell
The Volume, that had laid my Head,
And, swift as Wind, the Vision fled:
I wak'd, my Lord: Now let me see,
Convince me, who this Lord shall be.

THE
SIXTH SATIRE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
HORACE,
TRANSLATED.

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SIXTH SATIRE
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SATIRE VI. BOOK 2.

I OFTEN wish'd, I had a Farm,
 A decent Dwelling, snug and warm,
 A Garden, and a Spring, as pure
 As Chrystal, running by my Door,
 Besides a little antient Grove,
 Where at my Leisure I might rove.

THE gracious Gods, to crown my Bliss,
 Have granted this, and more than this,
 I have enough in my possessing,
 'Tis well: I ask no greater Blessing,
 O *Hermes*! than remote from Strife
 To have, and hold them for my Life.

IF I was never known to raise
 My Fortune by dishonest Ways,

Nor,

*Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus
 Hortus ubi, & tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
 Et paulum sylvæ super his foret. Auctius atque
 Dii melius fecere. Bene est. Nihil amplius oro,
 Maiâ nate, nisi ut propria hæc mihi munera faxis.
 Si neque majorem feci ratione mala rem;*

Nec

Nor, like the Spend-thrifts of the Times
Shall ever sink it by my Crimes :

If thus I neither pray, nor ponder :
“ O that I had an Angle yonder,
“ Which disproportions now my Field,
“ What Satisfaction it would yield !

O that some lucky Chance but threw
A Pot of Silver in my View,
As lately to the Man, who bought
The very land, in which he wrought !

If I am pleas'd with my Condition,
O ! hear, and grant this last Petition :
Indulgent let my Cattle batten,
Let all Things, but my Fancy, fatten,
And

*Nec sum facturus vitio culpave minorem ;
Si veneror stultus nihil horum, ô si angulus ille
Proximus accedat, qui nunc denormat agellum ;
O si urnam argenti Fors quæ mihi monstret ; ut illi
Thesauro invento qui mercenarius agrum
Illum ipsum mercatus aravit, dives amico
Hercule ! Si quod adest, gratum juvat ; hac prece
te oro,
Pingue pecus domino facias, & cætera præter
Ingenium ;*

And thou continue still to guard,
As thou art wont, thy suppliant Bard.

WHENEVER therefore I retreat
From *Rome* into my *Sabine* Seat,
By Mountains fenc'd on either Side,
And in my Castle fortify'd,
What should I write with greater Pleasure,
Than Satires in familiar Measure?
Nor mad Ambition there destroys
My Rest, nor sickly Wind annoys;
Nor noxious *Autumn* gives me Pain,
The ruthless Undertaker's Gain.

O Mattin-Father, *Janus* hear,
“ Whatever Title please thine Ear,
Since mortal Men, by Heav'n's Decree,
Commence their Toils, imploring thee;
Director

*Ingenium; utque soles, custos mihi maximus adfis.
Ergo ubi me in montes & in arcem ex urbe removi,
Quid prius illustrem satiris Musaque pedestri?
Nec mala me ambitio perdit, nec plumbeus Auster,
Autumnusque gravis, Libitinæ quæstus acerba.
Matutine pater, seu Jane libentius audis,
Unde homines operum, primos vitæque labores*
Insti-

Director of the busy Throng,
Be thou the Prelude of my Song.

To *Rome* you pack me : without fail
A Friend expects me for his Bail,
“ Be nimble to perform your Part,
“ Lest any Rival get the Start.

THOUGH pinching *Boreas* cleaves the Ground,
And Winter in a narrow Round
Contracts the Day, through Rain, or Snow,
At all Adventures, I must go.

WHEN bound beyond Equivocation,
Or any mental Reservation,
By all the Tyes of legal Traps,
And to my Ruin too perhaps,
I still must baffle through the Crowd,
And press the Tardy ; when aloud

Some

*Instituunt (sic Dis placitum) tu carminis esto
Principium. Romæ sponsorem me rapis : eia,
Ne prior officio quisquam respondeat, urge ;
Sive Aquilo radit terras, seu bruma nivalem
Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire necesse est.
Postmodo, quod mi obfit, clare certumque loquuto,
Luctandum in turba, facienda injuria tardis.*

Quid

Some wicked Fellow reimburses

This Usage with a Peal of Curses.

“ What Madnefs has possess’d thy Pate

“ To jostle People at this Rate ?

“ I warrant you must break one’s Nose,

“ And elbow all Things, that oppose ;

“ If puffing through the Streets you scour,

“ To meet *Macenas* at an Hour.

THIS pleases me, to tell the Truth,
And is a Honey to my Tooth.

But when I breathe *Esquilian* Air,

I find as little Quiet there ;

A hundred Men’s Affairs confound

My Senses, and besiege me round.

“ *Roscius* entreated, you should wait

“ At Court To-morrow before Eight—

“ The

Quid tibi vis, quas res agis, insane? improbus urget

Iratis precibus. Tu pulses omne quod obstat,

Ad Mæcenatem memori si mente recurras.

Hoc juvat, & melli est, non mentiar. At simul atras

Ventum est Esquiliæ, aliena negotia centum

Per caput & circa saliunt latus. Ante secundam

Roscius orabat sibi adesses ad Puteal cras ?

“ The Secretaries have implor’d
 “ Your Presence at the Council-board :
 “ Some strange Affair of State, they say,
 “ Must be dispatch’d without Delay——
 “ Pray take this Patent, and prevail
 “ Upon your Friend, to fix the Seal——
 “ Sir, I shall try——Replies the Man,
 “ And urges : If you please, you can——
 ’Tis more than seven Years compleat,

It hardly wants a Month of eight,
 Since good *Mæcnas*, fond of Sport,
 Receiv’d me first in friendly Sort,
 Whom he might carry in his Chair,
 A Mile or two, to take the Air,
 And might entrust with idle Chat,
 Discoursing upon this or that,

As

*De re communi scribæ magna atque nova te
 Orabant hodie meminisses, Quinte, reverti.
 Imprimat his, cura, Mæcnas signa tabellis.
 Dixeris, experiar : si vis, potes, addit, & instat.
 Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,
 Ex quo Mæcnas me cæpit habere suorum
 In numero duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rheda
 Vellet,*

As in a free familiar Way,

“ How, tell me, *Horace*, goes the Day?

“ And can that *Thracian* Wight engage

“ The *Syrian Hector* of the Stage?

“ The Morning Air is very bad

“ For those, who go but thinly clad——

OUR Conversation chiefly dwells
On these and such like Bagatelles,
As might, without incurring Fears,
Be well repos'd in leaky Ears.

BUT since this Freedom first began,
And I was thought a lucky Man,
The more each Day, the more each Hour
I find my self in Envy's Power.

“ Our Son of Fortune (with a Pox)

“ Sate with *Macenas* in the Box,

“ Just

*Vellet, iter faciens; et cui concredere nugas
Hoc genus: Hora quota est? Thrax est Gallina Syro
par?*

*Matutina parùm cautos jam frigora mordent:
Et quæ rimosâ benè deponuntur in aure.
Per totum hoc tempus, subjeetior in diem et horam
Invidia. Noster ludos spectaverat unâ,
Luserat in campo, Fortunæ filius, omnes.*

“ Just by the Stage: You might remark,
 “ They play’d together in the Park.

SHOULD any Rumour, without Head
 Or Tail, about the Streets be spread,
 Whoever meets me gravely nods,
 And says “ (as you approach the Gods,
 “ It is no Mystery to you)
 “ What do the *Dacians* mean to do?
 “ Indeed I know not——How you joke,
 “ And love to sneer at simple Folk!
 “ But Vengeance seize this Head of mine,
 “ If I have heard, or can divine——
 “ Then prithee, where are *Cæsar’s* Bands
 “ Allotted their Debenture-Lands?
 Although I swear, I know no more
 Of that, than what was ask’d before.

They

*Frigidus a rostris manat per compita rumor ;
 Quicunque obvius est, me consulit ; O bone (nam te
 Scire, Deos quoniam propius contingis, oportet)
 Num quid de Dacis audisti ? Nil equidem. Ut tu
 Semper eris derisor ! At omnes Di exagitent me,
 Si quidquam. Quid ? militibus promissa Triquetra
 Prædia Cæsar, an est Italâ tellure daturus ?
 Jurantem me scire nihil, mirantur, ut unum
 Scilicet*

They stand amaz'd, and think me then
The most reserv'd of mortal Men.

BEWILDRED thus amidst a Maze,
I lose the Sun-shine of my Days,
And often wish : " O ! when again
" Shall I behold the rural Plain ?
" And when with Books of Sages deep,
" Sequester'd Ease, and gentle Sleep,
" In sweet Oblivion, blisful Balm,
" The busy Cares of Life becalm ?
" O ! when shall *Pythagoric* Beans,
" With wholesome Juice enrich my Veins ?
" And Bacon-Ham and sav'ry Pottage
" Be serv'd beneath my simple Cottage ?
" O Nights, that furnish such a Feast
" As even Gods themselves might taste !

Thus

Scilicet egregii mortalem altique silenti.

Perditur hæc inter misero lux, non sine votis :

*O rus, quando ego te aspiciam ; quandoque licebit
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis
Ducere sollicitae jucunda oblivio vitæ ?*

*O quando faba Pythagoræ cognata, simulque
Uncta satis pingui ponentur oluscula lardo ?*

*O Noctes, cænæque Deum, quibus ipse meique,
Ante Lar em proprium vescor : vernasque procaces*

Pasce

Thus fare my Friends, and feed my Slaves,
Alert on what their Master leaves!

EACH Person there may drink, and fill
As much, or little, as he will,
Exempted from the *Bedlam*-Rules
Of roaring Prodigals and Fools :
Whether, in merry Mood or Whim,
He takes a Bumper to the Brim,
Or, better pleas'd to let it pass,
Grows mellow with a scanty Glass.

NOR this Man's House, nor that's Estate
Becomes the Subject of Debate ;
Nor whether *Lepos*, the Buffoon
Can dance, or not, a Riggadoon ;
But what concerns us more, I trow,
And were a Scandal not to know ;

If

*Pasco libatis dapibus, prout cuique libido est,
Siccat inæquales calices conviva, solutus
Legibus insanis : seu quis capit acria fortis
Pocula, seu modicis humescit lætius. Ergo
Sermo oritur, non de villis domibusve alienis ;
Nec malè necne Lepos saltet : sed quod magis ad nos
Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitur : Utrumne
Divitiis*

If Happineſs conſiſt in Store
 Of Riches, or in Virtue more:
 Whether Eſteem, or private Ends
 Direct us in the Choice of Friends:
 What's real Good, without Diſguiſe,
 And where its great Perfection lies.
 While thus we ſpend the ſocial Night,
 Still mixing Profit with Delight,
 My Neighbour *Servius* never fails,
 To club his Part in pithy Tales:
 Suppoſe *Arellius*, one ſhould praiſe
 Your anxious Opulence: he ſays——

A COUNTRY Mouſe, as Authors tell,
 Of old invited to her Cell
 A City-Mouſe, and with her beſt
 Would entertain the courtly Gueſt.

Thrifty

*Divitiis homines, an ſint Virtute beati;
 Quidve ad amicitias, uſus, rectumne trahat nos,
 Et quæ ſit natura boni, ſummumque quid ejus.
 Servius hæc inter vicinus garrit aniles
 Ex re fabellas. Nam ſi quis laudat Arelli
 Sollicitas ignarus opes, ſic incipit: Olim
 Ruſticus urbanum murem muſ paupere fertur
 Accepiſſe cavo, veterem vetuſ hoſpes amicum;*
Alper

Thrifty she was, and full of Cares,
 To make the most of her Affairs :
 Yet in the midst of her Frugality
 Would give a Loose to Hospitality :
 In short she goes, and freely fetches
 Whole Ears of Oats, and hoarded Vetches ;
 Dry Grapes and Raisins cross her Chaps,
 And dainty Bacon, but in Scraps ;
 If Delicacies could invite
 My squeamish Lady's Appetite.
 She turn'd her Nose at ev'ry Dish,
 And saucy piddled, with a——Pish !

THE Matron of the House, reclin'd
 On downy Chaff, discreetly din'd
 On Wheat, and Darnel from a Manger,
 And left the Dainties for the Stranger.

THE

*Asper, et attentus quæsit, ut tamen arctum
 Solveret hospitii animum. Quid multa ? neque illi
 Sepositi ciceris nec longæ invidit avenæ,
 Aridum et ore ferens acinum, semesaque lardi
 Frustra dedit ; cupiens variâ fastidia cænâ
 Vincere tangentis male singula dente superbo :
 Cum pater ipse domûs, paleâ porrectus in hornâ,
 Esset ador loliumque dapis meliora relinquens.*

Tandem

THE Cit, displeas'd at this Repast,
Attacks our simple Host at last.

“ What Pleasure can you find, alack !

“ To live behind a Mountain's Back ?

“ Would you prefer the Town, and Men,

“ To this unsocial dreary Den ?

“ No longer, moaping, loiter here,

“ But come with me to better Chear.

“ SINCE Animals but draw their Breath,

“ And have no Being after Death ;

“ Nor yet the Little, nor the Great,

“ Can shun the Rigour of their Fate ;

“ At least be merry while you may,

“ The Life of Mice is but a Day,

“ Reflect

*Tandem urbanus ad hunc, quid te juvat, inquit,
amice,*

Prærupti nemoris patientem vivere dorso ?

Vis tu homines urbemque feris præponere silvis ?

Carpe viam, mihi crede comes : terrestria quando

Mortales animas vivunt sortita, neque ulla est

*Aut magno aut parvo lethi fuga ; quo, bone,
circa*

Dum licet, in rebus jucundis vive beatus :

F

Vive

“ Reflect on this, maturely live,

“ And all that Day to Pleasure give.

ENCOURAG’d thus, the nimble Mouse,
Transported, sallies from her House :
They both set out, in hopes to crawl,
At Night beneath the City-Wall ;
And now the Night, elaps’d Eleven,
Possess’d the middle Space of Heaven,
When, harrafs’d with a Length of Road,
They came beneath a grand Abode,
Where Iv’ry Couches, overspread
With *Tyrian* Carpets, glowing, fed
The dazzled Eye : to lure the Taste,
The Trophies of a costly Feast,

Remaining

*Vive memor, quam sis ævi brevis. Hæc ubi dicta
Agrestem perpulere ; domo levis exilit. Inde
Ambo propositum peragunt iter ; urbis aventes
Maenia nocturni subrepere. Jamque tenebat
Nox medium cæli spatium, cum ponit uterque
In locuplete domo vestigia ; rubro ubi cocco
Tincta super lectos canderet vestis eburnos,
Multaque de magnâ superessent fercula cænâ,*

Quæ

Remaining, fresh but Yesterday,
In Baskets, pil'd on Baskets, lay.

WHEN Madam plac'd her Friend in State,
The Rustic, on a Purple Seat;
She bustles, like a busy Host,
Supplying Dishes boil'd and roast;
Nor yet omits the Vassal's Duty
Of licking, as she brings the Booty.

The Country-Mouse, with Rapture strange,
Rejoices in her fair Exchange,
And lolling, like an easy Guest,
Enjoys the Cheer, and cracks her Jest.
When, on a sudden, op'ning Gates,
Loud-jarring, shook them from their Seats.

THEY

*Quæ procul extructis inerant hesternæ canistris.
Ergo ubi purpureâ porrectum in veste locavit
Agrestem, veluti succinctus curſitat hospes;
Continuatque dapæ: nec non vernaliter ipsis
Fungitur officiis, prælambens omne quod affert.
Ille cubans gaudet mutatâ sorte, bonisque
Rebus agit lætum convivam: cum subito ingens
Valvarum strepitus lectis excussit utrumque.*

Currere

THEY ran, affrighted, through the Room,
 And, apprehensive of their Doom,
 Now trembled more and more; when, hark!
 The Mastiff-Dogs began to bark;
 The Dome, to raise the Tumult more,
 Resounded to the surly Roar.

THE Bumpkin then concludes, adieu!
 This Life, perhaps, agrees with you:
 My Grove, and Cave, secure from Snares,
 Shall comfort me with Chaff and Tares.

*Currere per totum pavidæ conclavæ, magisque
 Exanimes trepidare, simul domus alta Molossis
 Personuit canibus. Tum rusticus, haud mihi vitæ
 Est opus hac, ait, et valeas, me silva, cavusque
 Tutus ab infidiis tenui solabitur ervo.*

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